

A
 RETURN
 TO THE
Author of a Letter
 TO THE
 Author of a CHARACTER.

Impia sub dulci Melle Venena latent. Ovid.

*Neque Verbis solves unquam, quod mihi in re
 male feceris.* Terent. in Adlelph.

VERITAS nunquam later. Sen. in Troade.

PRINTED in the Year, 1717.

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Printed by J. D. in the Year 1717.

RETURN

TO THE

AUTHOR of a Letter, &c.

AND must we calmly hear his Non-
sense still;

Nor sharp Reproof, nor *Satyr* stop the Ill?

No: since his Tongue's more publick than
my Verse,

I'll nobly stem at Vice, and G——n's Crimes
rehearse.

Too soft, too easie thou: 'Tis *Sion's* Peace,

Like thee, I aim, as I desire no less:

But shall he still the Vulgar Croud seduce?

Still be esteem'd a *Friend*, and Friends abuse?

Must we keep those in our Religious Bound,
 Who strike at Life, and our *Foundation* wound?
 Say, which is best (nor let it cause a Doubt)
 To keep such *Members* in, or cast 'em out?
 How mean the *Surgeon*, who, by Pity led,
 Spares *festur'd Members*, till the *Gangreens* spread
 O'er all the Body, make one common Sore,
 And rot the Whole, that seiz'd but Part before.
 The bad infect, and spoil the soundest Part,
 Make ev'ry Nerve give way, and Sinew start,
 A Numbness spreads thro' all the vital Mass,
 And the whole Body's lost from what it was:
 By slow Degrees its Life and Vigor fails,
 And the Disease uncur'd, o'er all its Pow'rs
 prevails.
 'Tis so: I now to stronger Med'cines trust:
 Where soft Advice can't cure, sharp Censure
 must.
 When Admonition, nor Rebuke prevail,
 Must Judgment cease, and stricter Methods
 fail?
 In moving Sighs shall we express our Grief?
 See God and Friends abus'd, nor seek Relief?

Such

Such is his Case, he's so presumptuous grown,
That nought but *Godly Rage* can cut him down.

I'm glad I find thee so Poetical;
I safely to thy Judgment now appeal:
Supposing Truth to glide thro' all my Lines,
(For Truth my Heart and Tongue at once
confines)
In his *dire Sentences* and *various Dress*,
Cou'dst thou restrain thy Quill, and satyryze
him less?

See, mild Reprover of my *Saty'r's* Strain,
How far my Lines the Truth itself contain:
The Arguments are just, Conclusions fair,
And G——n's Faults in proper Light appear:

The Time *is come*, his inmost Thoughts are
seen,
And this Deceiver wants the vanish'd Screen:
No cloudy Vail can hide his Falshood more,
He's known by Light, now Light exalts her
Pow'r.

Like me, thou grant'st him a Deceiver too; P. 4.
And must *Deceivers* tell us what to do?

Must they declare the Way that Saints shou'd
tread,
To reach Heav'n's Joys and shun Infernal
Dread?

Letter,
p. 4.

No sure: but let *the Church, with one accord,*
Spew out th' Impostor, as a thing abhor'd.

O, stop thy Pen! O, stop thy fluent Vein!
Nor shroud his Errors in a *Dove-like* Strain.
In my Just Parallels of Truths and Lies,
What *strange Diffusions* of my *Wrath* can rise?
Do I call Vengeance down? *Invectives* send
Or Heav'n's Concave with my *Curses* rend?
No: none of these in all my Lines are found;
For better Doctrine hear thy Words rebound.

Ibid. Our best Attempts must find a dismal Stand,
When we presume to take God's Work in Hand:

P. 5. Witness poor Uzzah, who, with duteous Thought
Undoubtedly his own Destruction wrought.
How mild the Gospel-Day to Antient Times,
When sure Destruction waited on such Crimes
Else might all those a Fate like *Uzzah* find,
Who touch the Ark of God from them enslav'd

With

Without or Call, or blest Commission, seize
The *High Priest's Office*, and his Pow'r confess.

This Instance thou recit'st; and suffer me
To give a full convincing One to thee.

It's pity that one tuneful Line shou'd smile
Upon his Faults, who's all compos'd of Guile.
It contradicts this Glorious Gospel Day,
That Tongues must rule, where Christ alone
shou'd sway.

If the Old Time was Typical to this,
Uzziah, *Judah's King*, an Instance is,
None but the Tribe of *Levi* durst appear
In God's bless'd House, to offer Incense there;
Nor these, if they the least Defilement share.
No Sinners sure can Saints Conversion make,
Or spotted Souls, th' unspotted Gift partake:
This Faith and Truth at once with Nonsense
taints:
Must Sinners break the sacred Bread to Saints?
Audacious G——n tells in Publick this,
That he a *poor and wretched Sinner* is.

Plain

Plain are his Words, and thou shalt have 'em
too ;

Lord, keep me from such Exaltation now :

I'm a poor Sinner, I confess the same :

And who dare say he is not as I am ?

How now ? Dost think him fit to preach, or no ?

What good can Sinners, till Conversion, do ?

Arise, Ye Gifted Souls ! and drive him out :

For God's pure House be valiant and devout.

Arise to this : Arise, with one accord ;

Shall *Lepers* tread the Temple of the Lord ?

Shall they burn Incense ? Shall they offer now

On Altars, where Eternal Breathings glow ?

Where Fire, and Life, and Light at once appear,

Which heat their Minds, who come unspotted
near ;

Inspires, and tells them what, and where to
speak ;

And without this, let none their Silence break :

Let none, with Words in God's true Church
declare.

But what they from the *Holy Unction* bear.

Say,

Say, Can they mean to worship God aright, P. 5.
 Who hate the *Truth*, and Sin against the *Light*?
 Who stifle all the secret Checks of Grace,
 God's Name confess in Words, and Pow'r
 deface?

I know not which are worst, (if worst can be)
 Those who deny a Glorious Deity,
 Or those, believing, ne'er his Precepts keep,
 And from his Laws, against their Knowledge,
 slip.
 It's true, *Self-Love* may cause *Self-Righteousness*,
 But True RELIGION bears a nobler Face:
 God hates Deceit: his Light conducts the Way
 To Heav'nly Bliss, and Everlasting Day,
 From Hell's ensnaring Wile, from *selfish Pride*,
 To Love Him from *Himself*, more than all
 Things beside.

How easie 'tis, to judge and bring in View *Ibid.*
Before the World a Character that's true;
 But to smoothe Vice, and gild a blackned Name,
 Require an Art of which I ignorant am.
Ha! Ha! Does G——n's Character extend,
 Where our Religious Pale has found an End?
 Thy

Thy *Letter* then (subscrib'd to *Unknown Me*)
 Displays a *Light* to let all *Strangers* see:
 See what vile *Members* now *our Church* enclose,
 Who spoil her *Pow'r*, and banish her *Repose*,
 Thy *Cry* is heard in *Gath* and *Askelon*,
 And *Isr'el's* State the *Philistins* have known.
 Were I like thee, I might have done the like,
 And to the *World* shewn at what *Man* I strike,
 Have made the *Character* to suit with them,
 Told how he'll banter *God's* *Eternal Name*,
 And *Truth* and *Holy Attributes* defame.
 Left out the *Arguments* that suit with *Us*,
 And in a diff'rent *Way* the *Whole* discuss:
Invective Satyr then shou'd rise as high
 As *Rage* and wild *Hyperbole* can fly:
 Too soft my *Verse*, compar'd with impi'us
 Crimes,
 He shou'd be *stung* and *cut* in *Deathless Rymes*.
 Yet safer I (no *Thoughts* of *Gain* invade)
Gratis, a gen'rous *Distribution* made.
 In *Our Society* mine only went;
 Thy *Publick Piece* has ruin'd my *Intent*.

Thy

If

If the *bad Cause* of this Offence was cur'd,
 Th' *Effect* wou'd cease, and *Satyr* be abhor'd;
 But when *Truth* shines thro' all the *Satyr's*
 Strains,
 How just the *Style*, and how sincere the *Pains*!
 It's *Whip of Steel* shall lash an *Odious Name*,
 And print *Eternal Stripes* on frontless *Shame*.
 I grieve, thou driv'st me to the thing I hate,
 In strenuous *Verse* to *Manage this Debate*:
 But since thou shew'st the *Way* in number'd
 Lines,
 No *Loss*, nor *Pains* my eager *Quill* confines.

Vilest of Miscreants what *Assemblies* bound? P. 4.
 Or hug the *Snake* that gives a deadly *Wound*?
 What *Captious* Persons dare my *Verse* revile,
 And G——n-like, at sound *Religion* smile?
 Dare they *Heav'n's Wrath* with *Impudence*
 withstand?
 Despise the *Grace* from *God's Almighty Hand*?
 Mock at the *Pow'r* *His Church* alone shall have?
 And boundless in their *Lives*, its *Bounds* out-
 brave?
I'm not for blinding Reason: Others see,
And grieve at G——n's Faults as well as thee: P. 6.
 He's

He's counsel'd, check'd, reprov'd, admonish'd too;
 Yet these smooth Ways with G——n nought
 can do:

He rages with Disdain, *Aspersions* sends,
 And wanting *Judgment*, blackens his Best
 Friends.

P. 7. What *storming Clangor* soils his faulty Lips?

From him what railing Accusation slips?

Let all who know him, witness what I write,
 Assent to Truth, and blame the Hypocrite.

Ibid. The Truth himself (in Sacred Writ) declares,

A Time and Means of plucking up the Tares.

Tares in the World shall grow, till God shall fit
 Workmen, to pluck the Tares and leave the
 Wheat:

But in *Christ's Garden* must the Tares remain;
 Where nor the Weeds nor Brambles intervene?

8. If things proceed (since faulty *Adam's* Curse)

From good to better, or from bad to worse;

Alas! my Labour's lost! My *Satyr's* vain!

And not one Line can it's true End obtain!

Stop, stop, my Pen! Stop, my abortive Words!

The Truth is lost, and nothing here affords!

But

But hold: Some grow from *bad* to *better* too,
And so, perhaps, may'st Thou and G——n do.

Where fierce Ambition sticks his pois'nous Dart, P. 8.
And spreads its Rancor thro' the yielding Heart,
It cheats the Senses, fires the dazzling View,
Presents all Objects (like it self) untrue,
Flies on at Random in a full Career
Of false Imaginations, free from Fear.
With vicious Judgment blinded Man sometimes
Is suffer'd long to multiply his Crimes,
Swim smoothly on in black Delusions Streams,
And feed on painted Thoughts and gawdy Dreams;
He sucks the Venom with extream Delight,
And to himself's the greatest Hypocrite.

Here's G——n's Case: Ambition fires his P. 9.
Blood;
Ambition, that is still averse to Good.
Pride and Ingratitude are Sins of Hell,
For these the Morning-Star and Rebel-Angels
fell.

In

In ev'ry Verse behold what Case is mine,
And judge my Conscience by my just Design.

- P. 9. How long I paus'd to find a gentler Way !
How long did I for his Conversion stay ?
Long was his *Character* in Verse before,
And ev'ry Thought of publick Sight giv'n o'er,
Till he enforc'd, and left no other Means :
Thou know'st what gentler Methods he dis-
dains.
- See
p. 6. Then comes the *Satyr*, and appeals to thee,
If all I write does not with Truth agree ?
I meant not there to couch the various Ways,
How Souls are lost ; How tempting Vice be-
trays :
Since all the Shapes of Sin are daily taught,
And Souls to Judgment by Repentance brought.
Since Christ alone His glorious Scepter takes,
Rules in his Saints, and such Convictions makes.
A Shorter Way my Strains delight to run,
To prove the Truth from Facts and Words his
own.

I frame

I frame a Picture to describe a Man,
 In Colours nat'ral, and exact the Plan:
 A Man who speaks from what he never knew,
 And so his *Life's a Lye*, and Words untrue.
 Tho' far I stretch my sharp *Hyperbole*,
 My *Character* and his *known Shapes* agree:
 Tho' horrid Truths thro' all my Labours shine,
 In what I write there's something of Divine.
 Desire to shew itself, and not to wrong,
 Arm'd *Virtue* first with *Saryr* in its Tongue.
Lucilius was the Man, who bravely bold,
 To *Roman* Vices did this Mirror hold.
Horace his pleasing Wit to this did add,
 And none uncensur'd cou'd be False or Mad.
 So *Juvenal*, and *Persius* more concise,
 Rais'd Truth and *Virtue* o'er insulting Vice.
 With fiercer Heat I cou'd my Draught pursue
 Match *Oldham's* Spleen, and *Buckhurst's* Rage
 Outdo;
 Each Word, each Line cou'd some Deceit re-
 hearse,
 Make death-like Stabs, and cure in ev'ry Verse.
 That

Boileau.
Art of
Poetry.

That *Satyr*, like *Telephus*' Sword, may wound,
And from its Edge a healing Salve be found.

This the Design, and this must G——n try
To Cure his Faults, or in his Errors dy;
Since this directs to his accusing Heart,
The *Satyr*'s Dagger, and its surest Dart.

*I crave the Favour of neither a common
Phrase; nor a Trip of the Tongue: If I write
false, answer it; if I write true, approve it, or
else hold thy Peace. Excuse nothing in me un-
fair and base: If Eloquence is wanting, supply
it; If thou findest bad Verses, let the Truth of
'em stop a Censure; I write for the sake of Truth,
and not for Praise, and as long as G——n raves
and thou smoothe'st over Hypocrisie and add'st a
Currant Stamp to Vice, I shall have a Subject for
JUST SATYR: Yet still I'll remain.*

Thy Friend,

The Author of a *Character*.